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higher state of efficiency in the use of firearms than that of any other nation.

This is due to the liberal appropriations of Congress for target practice, the knowledge and skill of our officers in revolver and rifle shooting, and the facility with which they impart this most valuable of all military accomplishments to the enlisted men.

For many centuries the theory and practice amongst civilized nations has been to train cavalry to act by the collective shock; that is, to develop no individuality, but to have them ride boot to boot, in a solid mass with drawn sabres and with an irresistible force, so as to overwhelm all in front of them. With the individuality now to be found in the foot soldier of an ordinary skirmish line, such a mass of cavalry would be destroyed, or rendered useless before they could arrive within two hundred yards of the objective point. The modern cavalry soldier should be trained to the highest degree of individual excellence in the management of his horse and revolver; he should be armed with a carbine and at least two revolvers, and have the useless, clanking and antiquated sabre consigned to some spot from which it could have no resurrection. The cavalryman should be practised with the revolver till he could fire five shots in four seconds, and be able to hit, two out of three times, an object the size of a man, at a distance of ten yards, with horse at a full run. To one not familiar with revolver shooting this may seem a difficult thing to do, and it may appear to require too high a standard of excellence from the average cavalry soldier, but it must be remembered that revolver shooting is like many other physical accomplishments: it is learned much more rapidly when the instruction is carried on according to some correct system. The exercises of the recruit, while he is learning to ride and handle his horse, should be varied by at least two hours' work each day, devoted to handling and snapping his revolver on foot, so that the correct execution of these exercises may become mechanical; in other words, the recruit should be trained to bring his pistol to bear upon an object and hit it without any perceptible time being spent in taking aim and pulling the trigger. Ours is an age of specialists, and it is seldom that one is found who can reach the highest degree of excellence in more than one mechanical art. When this skill is once attained in using a revolver, there is ever a good demand for its services, and the confidence and courage which its possession is certain to give to our cavalry soldier will make him brave and self-reliant to an extent which will render him on the field of battle more than a match for five times his number of the best cavalry the old world has ever seen.

W. P. HALL,
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WHAT MEN THINK OF WOMEN'S DRESS.

IF we accept the oldest writings concerning the subject, we must concede that the first costume worn by primitive man and woman was selected only after a consultation of the two sexes. It is a curious fact that after centuries of groping in the blind labyrinths of dress, women are returning in some measure toward primitive ideas and conditions. They are just beginning to appreciate the aid of men in matters of this sort.

The increase of liberty that women enjoy in this latter decade or two, their entrance into the realm of men's occupations, and their consequent desire for greater freedom in dress, make it a hard matter, under these scarcely-adjusted conditions, to draw the line between masculine likes and dislikes as to dress reform. It may be stated emphatically, however, that almost all men abominate all forms of woman's attire that merely aim to be "mannish," that are adopted only for the sake of making a "smart" appearance. Mannish collars, vests, hats, neckties, etc., when worn by women, almost always create a revulsion of feeling in a man by impairing that femininity in appearance which must always be one of the greatest charms of womanhood.

At the same time men would gladly encourage women in their natural right to adopt such modifications as would give them greater freedom for exercise or business pursuits, and consequently greater health. There was great fear among the timid that the adoption of the modern bicycling costumes would subject the wearer to vulgar comment, or at least insufferable stares, from men. The fact is that women stare at and criticise their progressive sisters more than men do.

Men do not object in the least to their wives, or sisters, or daughters, wearing "gym" suits for athletics, divided skirts or Turkish trousers for bicycling, or even for business, so long as the touch of femininity, of modesty, is never lost in the making of such costumes. The man does not concern himself with details about such garments, but he looks for that roundness, as opposed to angularity; that grace, be it of a fluffy wing, or a ruffle, or gather; that little adornment, a touch of color, ribbon, flowing outline, that shall proclaim at once the sweetness and preciousness of womanhood.

Men naturally wish to pay, and do pay, the greatest deference to womanhood, even in the crowded business life of New York City, but they demand in return that women shall dress so as to suggest unmistakable womanliness.

As we are all striving to attain to Altrurian conditions we need to study the matter of dress from the very base and beginning. Science is now only content to go to the very bottom of things, and, discarding all custom and tradition, demands a reason for everything. So it should be with dress. Men and women are different. Therefore their dress should be different. But as their spheres of activity are becoming more and more closely allied, so their dress should permit equal freedom of movement and equal health. A beautiful statue, be it the cruelly amputated Venus of Milo, or the Medici, or the Greek Slave, almost all of us, except some singular back-country spinster, unite in saying needs no adornment. But it would be a good practice to take that statue and dress it, not according to the prevailing mode, but according to the demands of the figure, that, being itself beautiful, its beauty should not be lost, but in some degree preserved, if not enhanced by its dress. A company of art critics would dress it in the flowing robes of ancient Greece. At the same time a committee of doctors or disciples of physical culture might not grant it any more drapery than has the Diana of St. Gaudens on the Madison Square tower.

It should be a recognized principle that beauty of figure is not to be hidden or lost by means of dress. There is no need to distort the art of the Creator by the art of the milliner. If a woman has a beautiful throat, she has a perfect right to reveal it, except when she runs a risk of taking cold. Almost every woman has some good feature. Let her make the most of it. Be it beauty of eyes or hair, or complexion, beauty of stature, of strength, of arm or limb, dress should enhance it.

The gain, for instance, that would accrue to the race in the way of increased health and happiness, and lessened pain and doctors' bills, if the average skirt was cut ten inches shorter, would be tremendous. By that one simple surgical stroke of the scissors, quick and painless, think how many hundreds of tons of mud-bedraggled dry-goods would drop from the overweighted hips of womanhood! But the very women who abbreviate the corsage of their opera-dresses to an equal extent would shrink at the display of a well-turned ankle. Yet the former practice is far more vulnerable to criticism than the one we would advocate. It must be kept in mind that a style of dress that encourages physical development is not designed alone for women of fine physique. Its popularity would lead all women to covet health and symmetry of form and to work for it by all the proper agencies of diet, exercise, sleep and sensible living generally. It has been an old grievance of our fathers and grandfathers that it took a fearfully sharper eye to select a good woman than a good horse. And when they so often got cheated on a horse, is it a wonder that millions of men have filled bachelors' graves? A bachelor's grave is a cold thing to look forward to, but many have thought that it was preferable to taking a chance in that lottery where the diamonds and the booby-prizes, the Venuses and the viragoes, have all been concealed in a maze of crinoline and whalebone, cotton, powder and paint. Who could know whether the beautiful maiden or the ugly dwarf would step forth on the night of disenchantment? We gladly testify that our *fin-de-siècle* daughters are dressing in some respects with greater good taste and fidelity to common sense, truth, health, the laws as well as the lines of their own physique, than did their grandmothers.

Of course there is a dress for children, a dress for the young, for the old, for the invalid. We kindly drape the angles and the weaknesses in the loved forms where age has set its wrinkled seal over the once virgin stamp of beauty. Yet old age, too, has its beauties, and its fitting adornment. It is among the ranks of the women themselves that there is the greatest objection to new ideas. Speaking for men, it may be said that they consider themselves fortunate in a dress that is fairly easy and healthful, if not pleasing from an artistic standpoint. In their good fortune they do not begrudge to women any modifications of their attire on which they can set the stamp of true femininity and add grace and artistic effect to what is merely practical. Whatever makes for greater health and comfort to women is not a matter of indifference to the stern sex, however they may seem to leave the women to work out their own salvation with fear and trembling. There will be no more hearty plaudits to the successful solver of the dress reform problem than will come from the "men's gallery." Ahasuerus is still gracious, and Esther need never fear but that she will find favor in his sight in any sort of modest garb whatever.

On one detail of dress I think I can speak with confidence, and that is, it makes no difference in a man's eye what material a dress is made of. You can please him just as well in calico as in silk, and perhaps better, if he has to pay the bills. "It is all in the making," is a phrase that means much to men. They like symmetry, grace, harmony of colors, perfect fit. For one man that will be dazzled by purple and gold there are a dozen who will be charmed by quiet grays or browns, relieved by a bright ribbon and a bright face. "Back to nature" is the cry of this logical, matter-of-fact and yet impressionable age; and learning of nature, and of her garments of leaves and grass and snow, we shall see how closely she clothes her forms, only softening the outlines, selects her quiet harmonies of colors rather than glaring contrasts, and covers nothing from sight that is of itself beautiful.

C. H. CRANDALL.

HISTORICAL NICKNAMES.

EDMOND ABOUT, in one of his last contributions to the *Revue de Deux Mondes*, suggested that the political history of several nations could be written in the form of a compendium of national epigrams and *vaudevilles* —a sort of facetious ditties in which the French are rivalled only by their Italian neighbors.

A collection of historical nicknames would, however, serve the same purpose in a still more compendious form. There are *sobriquets* that sum up all the physical and moral characteristics of an individual and sometimes of a party or even a whole nation. "What are the main tendencies of your 'Liberals' and 'Serviles,' as your Highness has begun to call them?" a German politician asked Prince de Ligne, the Austrian Chesterfield. "Well, you see, our Serviles want *sehr vieles* (a good many things), but our Liberals want *lieber alles*" (rather everything), said the keenwitted courtier.

When the braggard Bernadotte had got himself elected Crown Prince of Sweden, he did his best to propitiate public opinion all around, assumed the name of Charles Jean, loaded foreign diplomatists with decorations, and offered his services as mediator between France and the victorious allies, but his old companions in arms had sized him up to an inch and nicknamed him "Charles Jean Charlatan." Complacent King Joseph they called "*le roi par ordre*," and the depredations of General Vandamme were commemorated in the epithet "Jacques Brigand"—"Billy Bushwhacker," as we might translate it. For Napoleon himself his soldiers had only affectionate nicknames: "The Little Corporal," "Little Wideawake"; but Madame de Staël in a fit of resentment called him "Robespierre on horseback" (*Robespierre à cheval*), and the nickname stuck like the pun of that Ghent Alderman who bribed the retail butchers of his city (locally known as *les petits bouchers*) to get up a transparency with the inscription: "The little butchers of Ghent to Napoleon the Great."

The "Grand Butcher" was not apt to forgive a personal squib of that kind, but nevertheless almost choked with laughing when Count Las Cases at Longwood ventured to acquaint him with the popular nickname of his royal brother-in-law, Murat. The *parvenu* King of Naples was incorrigibly fond of dressing in theatrical finery, gold-lace jackets with broad lace collars and blue velvet surtouts, and in allusion to that foible the Parisian wits called him "King Franconi," Franconi's Opera being a flashy pleasure resort of the French capital. Louis XVIII. they called "Gros Revenue," to commemorate a high treasonable pun of a witty Imperialist, who had heard his comrades complain of the enormous taxes of the new regime. "Never mind, *payons, payons, nous avons un gros revenu*"—we have a large revenue—the three last words meaning also "a returned potbelly." After the battle of Waterloo they called their wellfed sovereign "Louis *deux fois neuf*," "twice nine," with the additional meaning of "twice new." Those puns had much to do with the final expulsion of the Bourbons, and it might be questioned if all the speeches of the Jacobins hurt the cause of the royal family as much as the Queen's nickname, "Madame Veto." That those same